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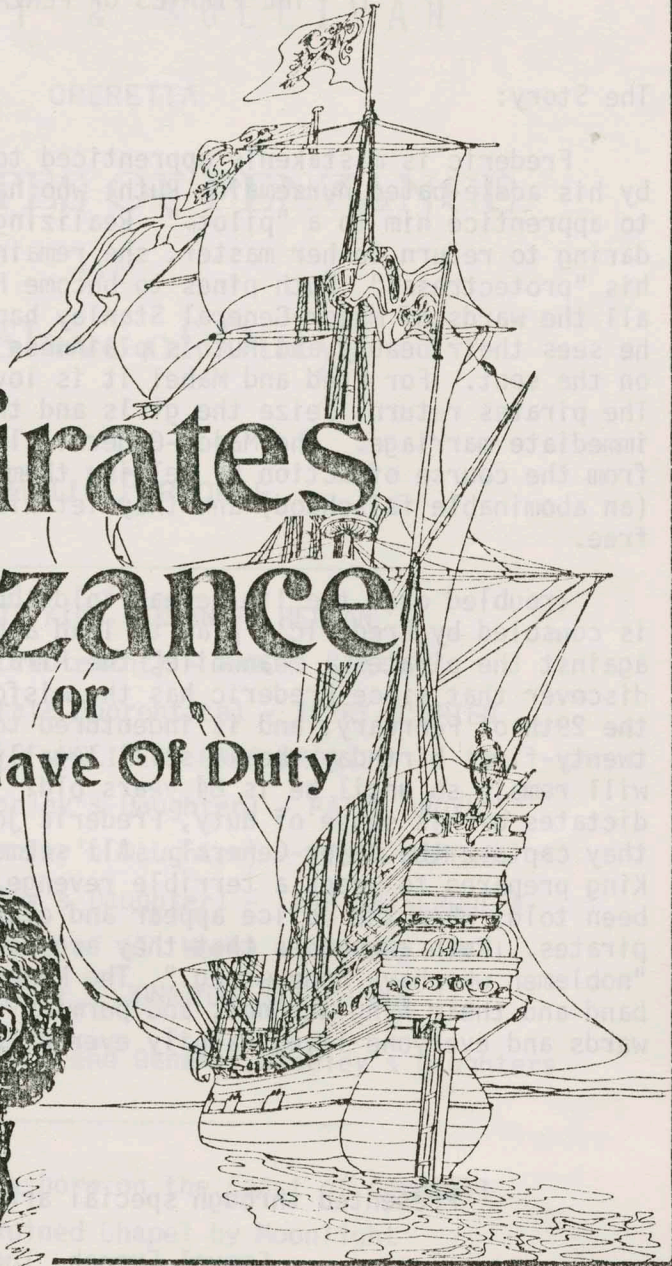
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[Oct. 19-23, 1982]

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

The Pirates of Penzance

or
The Slave Of Duty



DEPARTMENT OF SPEECH AND THEATRE
PITTSBURG STATE UNIVERSITY

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

The Story:

Frederic is mistakenly apprenticed to a band of pirates by his addle-pated nursemaid, Ruth, who had been instructed to apprentice him to a "pilot." Realizing her error, and not daring to return to her master, she remains with Frederic as his "protectress." Ruth pines to become his wife, but when all the wards of Major-General Stanley happen upon the scene, he sees their beauty and Ruth's plainness and renounces her on the spot. For Fred and Mabel it is love at first sight. The pirates return, seize the girls and threaten them with immediate marriage. The Major-General cleverly dissuades them from the course of action by telling them that he is an orphan (an abominable falsehood) and they let him and his wards go free.

Troubled over the lie he has told them, the Major-General is consoled by Frederic's plan to lead a band of police against the pirates. Meanwhile, the Pirate King and Ruth discover that since Frederic has the misfortune to be born on the 29th of February, and is indentured to them until his twenty-first birthday, he is still legally one of them....and will remain so until he is 84 years old! Prompted by the dictates of his sense of duty, Frederic joins the pirates when they capture the Major-General. All seems lost as the Pirate King prepares to wreck a terrible revenge for the lie he has been told, when the police appear and cleverly subdue the pirates. Ruth announces that they are not really pirates, but "noblemen who have gone wrong." The Major-General pardons the band and their King at once, and permits their marriage to his wards and everyone lives happily ever after.

Presented through special arrangements with

Samuel French, Inc.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN

OPERETTA

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

or

The Slave of Duty

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE PIRATE KING - KENNETH HERMAN

SAMUEL (his Lieutenant) - RANDAL STARNES

FREDERIC (the Pirate Apprentice) - TERRY O'BRIEN

SERGEANT OF POLICE - GREG WRIGHT

MABEL (General Stanley's Daughter) - PATTY BROYLES

EDITH (General Stanley's Daughter) - LINDA JAMESON

KATE (General Stanley's Daughter) - LEAH MAISEROLLE

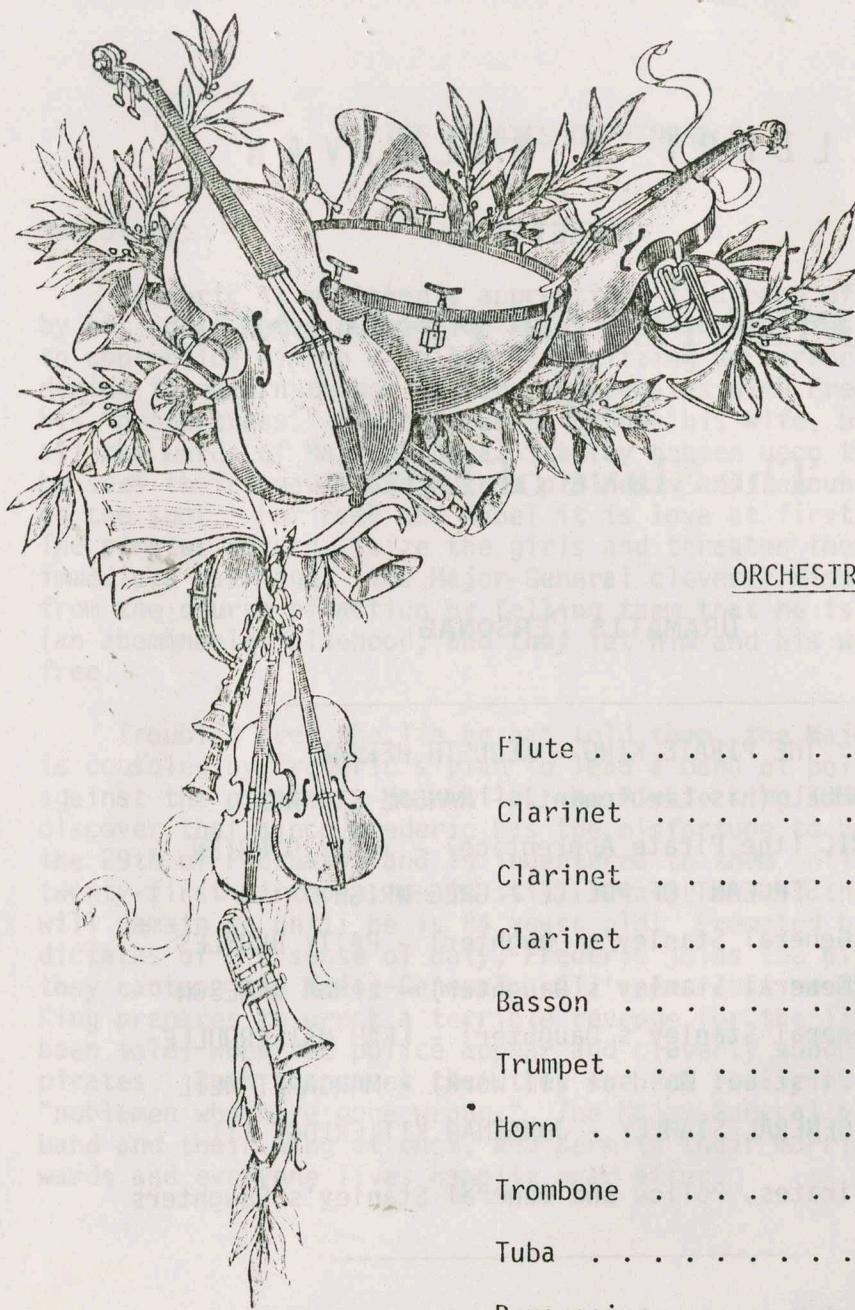
RUTH (A Piratical Maid of all Work) - MARGARET NEIL

MAJOR-GENERAL STANLEY - JONATHAN KITTERIDGE III

Chorus of Pirates, Police and General Stanley's Daughters

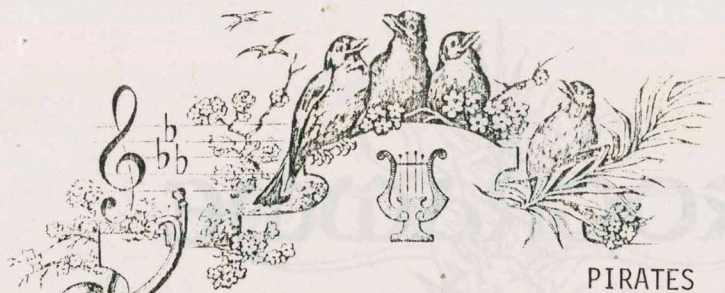
Act I - A Rocky Seashore on the Coast of Cornwall

Act II - A Ruined Chapel by Moonlight



ORCHESTRA

Flute	Linda Campbell
Clarinet	Robert Schott
Clarinet	Robert Stahl
Clarinet	Anna Laudati
Basson	Virginia Le Clerc
Trumpet	Dan Jeffrey
Horn	Mark Shaffer
Trombone	Richard Walker
Tuba	Paul Sheffield
Percussion	Mark Powls



CHORUS

PIRATES

Roy Dodson
Todd Dodge
Ed Kellogg
David Simon
Greg Wright
David England
Steve Jameson

Randy Ambler
Lonnie Bebie
Bill Huffman
William York
Ramon Fewell
Don Chamberlain
Dave Billington
Paul Williamson

POLICE

Don Chamberlain
Dave Billington
Paul Williamson

Ed Kellogg
Randy Ambler
William York
David England

GENERAL STANLEY'S DAUGHTERS

Linda Bush
Kamela White
Cindy Scales
Jeannine Paariman

Darla Harmon
Patricia Grotheer
Anne Westmoreland

Reda Saar
Joanne Richter
Rene Smith
Lori Winterbower



MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I

1. "Pour, Oh Pour, the Pirate Sherry" Samuel
2. "When Fred'ric was a Little Lad" Ruth
3. "Oh, Better Far to Live and Die" . . . Pirate King and Chorus
4. "Oh! False One, You have Deceiv'd Me!" . . . Ruth and Frederic
5. "Climbing Over Rocky Mountain" Girls
6. "Stop, Ladies, Pray!" Edith, Kate, Frederic and Girls
7. "Oh, Is There not One Maiden Breast" . . . Frederic and Girls
8. "Poor Wand'ring One!" Mabel and Girls
9. "What Ought We to Do?" Edith, Kate and Girls
10. "How Beautifully Blue the Sky" Frederic and Girls
11. "Stay, We Must not Lose our Senses" Frederic, Girls
and Pirates
12. "Hold, Monsters!" . . . Mabel, Major-General, Samuel and Chorus
13. "I Am the Very Model of a Modern Major-General". Major-General
and Chorus
14. "Oh, Men of Dark and Dismal Fate" Finale
Mabel, Kate, Edith, Ruth, Frederic,
Samuel, King, Major-General and Chorus

ACT II

1. "Oh, Dry the Glist'ning Tear". Mabel and Girls
2. "Then, Frederic, Let your Escort Lion-hearted" Frederic
and Major-General
3. "When the Foeman Bares his Steel". . . . Mabel, Edith, Sergeant
and Police
4. "Now for the Pirates' Lair!" Ruth, Frederic and King
5. "When you had Left our Pirate Fold". . Ruth, Frederic and King
6. "Away, Away! My Heart's on Fire!" . . Ruth, Frederic and King
7. "All is Prepar'd, Your Gallant Crew Await You!" . . Mabel and
Frederic
8. "Stay, Fred'ric, Stay!" Mabel and Frederic
9. "No, I'll Be Brave!" Mabel, Sergeant and Police
10. "When a Felon's not Engaged in his Employment" Sergeant
and Police
11. "A Rollicking Band of Pirates We" Sergeant, Police
and Pirates
12. "With Cat-like Tread". Samuel and Pirates
13. "Hush, Hush, Not a Word!" . . . Frederic, King, Major-General,
Police and Pirates
14. Finale Major-General, Pirates and Police

From The Last Pirate

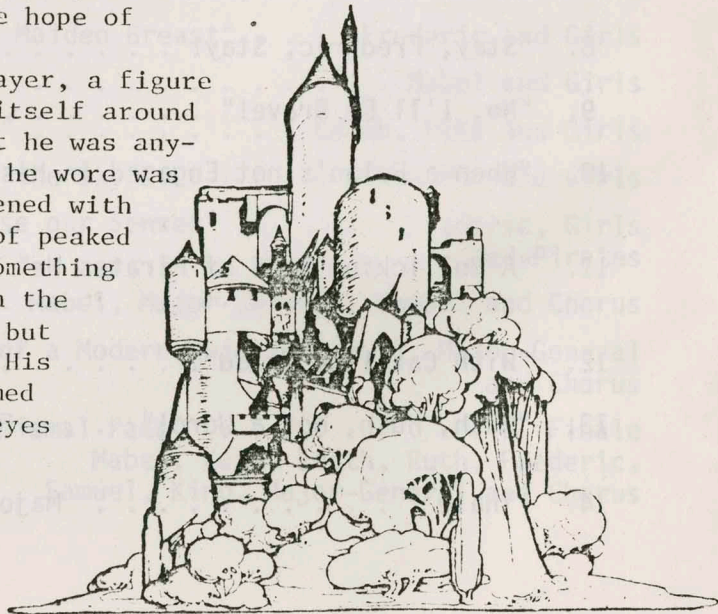
by

Louis Antermeyer

It was my first visit to Cornwall. Although I was to stay a week, I crowded three days' sight-seeing into the very morning of my arrival; I could not get enough of the wild cliffs and the tamely winding roads. I had explored the mysterious formations of rock made by winds and tides of fifty thousand years. I had walked the thin strip of sand from Penzance to St. Michael's Mount, that island pyramid of stone which once had been the home of Cormoran and his brother giants, then became a black temple for savages, a fortress through the middle ages, a refuge for smugglers, and a thing of wonder for all. I had explored the curious circle of stones known as "the Merry Maidens," because these rocks had once been lively girls, turned into stone for dancing on Sunday. Gradually time began to declare itself. A small ticking inside of me announced it was the hour for lunch. I realized I was far from my inn at the fishing-town of Penzance. And, at that moment, I also realized I was lost.

It was not a pleasant sensation. I had been so busy with my mind that I had forgotten my body. And now the body was complaining, dully but definitely. It was sick of this senseless sight-seeing; it was hungry for something more nourishing than sea and sky; it was--and it had every right to be--tired. I did not care to argue; I gave in. The road was lined with a carpet of flowers; the earth looked inviting. I accepted the invitation and sat down in the hope of getting a lift....

As if in answer to my prayer, a figure appeared where the road bent itself around a church. He was not old, but he was anything but young. The garment he wore was the blue of a sapphire brightened with gold; on his head was a sort of peaked helmet; he carried a locked something upon his back. He walked with the air of one who knew the world but was not wholly a part of it. His steps were deliberate and seemed to follow an old design; his eyes were ancient, the eyes of a bringer of messages. He was the village postman. If anyone could guide me, here was the man.



"Can you tell me the way to Penzance?" I asked, pulling my unwilling body to its protesting feet.

"I can. But it's easier to show than tell. Going that way myself. It's a twisty bit of road and many a one has started out on it that never came back...."

"Oh, I'm a letter-carrier, right enough," he answered. "And a good one, too. In fact, I carry more letters than I ever deliver. You see," he explained, "everybody writes letters and most people wish they hadn't written 'em. So I just don't deliver 'em. It helps everybody. Of course," he added confidentially, "I read 'em all."

"A highly original kind of postman," I said with heavy sarcasm.

"Yes," he answered pleasantly, as if I had complimented him. "I suppose I am. But that was to be expected. You see, I wasn't brought up to be a postman."

"No?" I inquired again, knowing the question was expected of me. "I suppose your father hoped you'd be a preacher."

"No," he replied with satisfaction. "I was brought up as a pirate."

"A pirate?" I asked, unwilling to show interest but unable to conceal my surprise.

"Yes," he said proudly. "In fact I think I could call myself the last living pirate. And," he added in a slow whisper, "the oldest pirate that ever lived."

"But you don't look so old," I objected.

"Ah," he said mysteriously. "Looks are deceiving. Even experts are puzzled. They can't decide on my age. I've had just fifty-four birthdays and yet I'm two hundred and sixteen years old."

"Two hundred-" I echoed.

"And sixteen," he corrected me. "But that's not the strangest part of it. No, not by half."

"Well?" I said as we pushed back our chairs.

"Well," he began, motioning toward the bay. "I spent most of my life down there. You see those empty caverns eaten into the cliffs? They were home to us. There we met and made merry, laughing at the poor fisherfolk who risked their lives for a few herring and a basket of mackerel. Sometimes we used to beat out to sea and raid the Scilly isles-silly they were by nature and by name, the whole forty of 'em, with only three of the lot fit to live on. But usually we looted merchant-ships or wrecked rich cargoes or smuggled lace and diamonds across from France. We were, as you must have guessed, the famous pirates of Penzance-and I was their right hand; that is, I was and I wasn't. It turned out to be a very puzzling situation.

"I warned you it would be a long story. Well, you must imagine..."

STAFF

Direction and Design Barry Bengtsen
Musical Director Janis DeChicchio
Orchestra Conductor Jim Jones
Choreographer Karen Mackey
Costume Design Nicki Leigh Jones
Makeup Robert W. Gobetz
. Barb Golay
House Management John Kreissler
Concessions Theta Alpha Phi
Department Secretary Shirley Purdy
Department Chairman Dr. Harold W. Loy

CREW FOR THIS PRODUCTION

Jeff Smith
Stephen Maley
Linda Jameson
Steve McBride
Gitte Snelling
Jim Talkington

Stagecraft Class
Costume Design Class
Theatre Activities Class

We want to thank all individuals and organizations who have loaned properties or in any other way assisted with the preparation of this production.

* * * COMING ATTRACTIONS * * *

STOP THE WEDDING

November 17, 18, 19, 20

Directed by Professor Robert Gobetz

TARTUFFE

April 12, 14, 15, 16

Directed by Dr. Cary Clasz

* * * * *

The Department of Speech and Theatre is an organizational member of the Association of Kansas Theatre, Mid-America Theatre Conference, and American Theatre Association.

